

girdles, one of which always has a cloven hilt. They are on their way to their native province of Lazistan with droves of horses, and are much dreaded by both the *katirgis* and *khanjis* on the road for their marauding habits. The Turkish Government has a very difficult task in ruling and pacifying the number of races which it has subjugated even in Asiatic Turkey. Between the Arabs of the Chaldsean Plains and the Lazes of the Black Sea I have met even in my limited travels with Sabeans, Jews, Armenians, Syrians, Yezidis, Kurds, Osmanlis, Circassians, and Greeks, alien and antagonistic in creed and race, but somehow held together and to some extent governed by a power which is, I think, by no means so feeble as she is sometimes supposed to be.

The Kharshut is crossed at Kupru Bridge by a very fine stone arch. This village, at the foot of the Zigana Mountain, is entirely composed of inferior *khans*, food shops, and smiths' shops. The clang of hammers lasted late into the night, for the road was reported as "icy," and more than 400 horses and mules were having their shoes roughed for the passage of the Zigana Mountain. I arrived late in the evening, when all the *khans* were full, and had to put up in a hovel, the door of which was twice attempted during the night by a band of Lazes, about whose proceedings Stephan, my *katirgi*, had been very suspicious. After the servants and *katirgis*, roused

by my whistle, had rushed out of an  
opposite stable  
upon the marauders, I lay awake for some  
time trying  
to realise that my ride of 2500 miles was  
nearly at an  
end, and that European civilisation was only  
five days  
off; but it was in vain. I felt as if I should  
*always* be  
sleeping in stables or dark dens, *always*  
uttering the call  
to " boot and saddle " two hours before  
daylight, *always*  
crawling along mountain roads on a woolly  
horse, *always*